

ROYAL HONORS FOR GOVERNMENT'S CORONATION EMBASSY

John Hays Hammond Will Be Treated Like a Prince and Received as a Courtier at London Festivities

BY JOHN ELLFRET WATKINS.

About as resplendent as an ink blot on a gaudily illuminated page will our special ambassador, John Hays Hammond, appear in the choir of Westminster Abbey during the crowning of "George V." by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of all the British dominions beyond the seas, king, defender of the faith, Emperor of India, to be pulled off in dear old London the 22d of June.

Although Martin Van Buren sent his representative strutting into Queen Victoria's coronation hall most gorgeously caparisoned in uniform, topped off by a "three-cornered hat adorned with a golden eagle," and augmented by a "sword in a white scabbard"—although, furthermore, President Cleveland's special ambassador at the czar's crowning exhibited his well knit legs in knickerbockers and silk stockings, President Taft has decreed that Ambassador Hammond must put the scintillating, glimmering picture of June 22 with the "habit noir" which our particular branch of civilization prescribes for hotel waiters and other disfigured gentlemen of opulent profession.

These Were Allowed Fuss and Feathers.

It was good Andrew Stevenson, of Culpeper, Va., a former Speaker of the national House of Representatives, who in natty cocked hat and saucy side arms, did the honors for us at the Victorian coronation. And 'twas Clifton R. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who displayed his shapely calves at the swearing in of the czar of all the Russias back there in 1896. But times and tempers have since changed, and there will be no fuss, feathers or fustian in the hallowed abbey for his excellency, Hays Hammond, despite the fact—that it is—that he will pay Landlord Burdett-Coutts \$60,000 for a six weeks' lease on the latter's nice "corner house in Stratton Street."

It is devoutly to be hoped, indeed, that, while upholding the dignity of the United States in the palaces and mansions of London, our special ambassador will not have to share the embarrassment of Lambert Tree, who, while minister to Belgium, attended a function in his plain "evening dress," and who, while standing among the guests, holding a cup of coffee and waiting for the beverage to cool, had it ruthlessly snatched from him by a uniformed attaché of one of the other legations, who had mistaken him for a waiter.

To be a "his excellency" for a few weeks, and to have a place in the abbey choir, right next to real aristocracy of the Almonach de Gotha brand, is a great and glorious privilege, and no doubt worth to Mr. Hays Hammond this snug fortune, on the interest of which alone you and I could live quite luxuriously for the remainder of our mortal existences, even allowing ourselves an electric buggy in the back woods.

But the thrill at being called "your excellency, sir," and a front seat at the greatest three-ringed performance on earth, with two parades thrown in, are not the only perquisites to be enjoyed by this plucky American, who once languished in the shadow of Oom Paul Kruger's gallows, but who lived to open up the long-lost mines of King Solomon.

Elbowing Rubbing With Royalty.

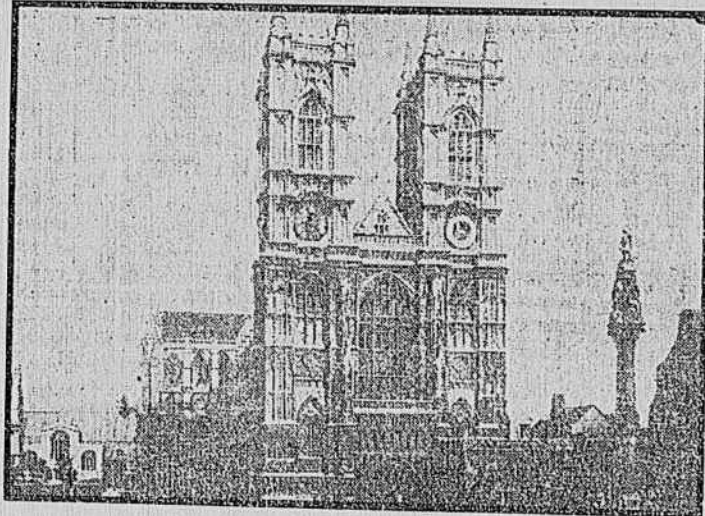
His elbows will be fairly raw with rubbing against those of the monarchs,



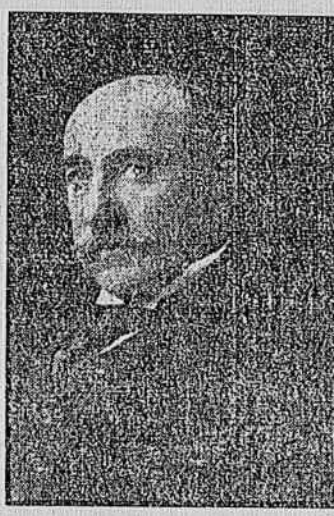
ST. EDWARD'S CHAIR, in which all British Monarchs since 1272 have been crowned.

THE CORONATION COACH.

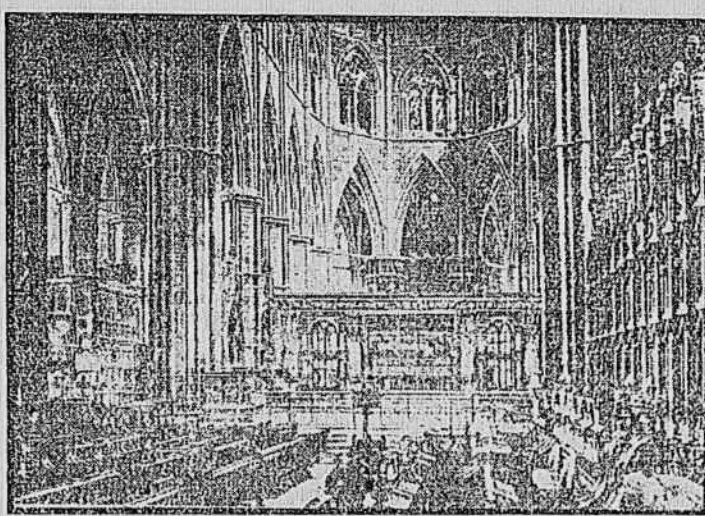
HOW THE OATH IS TAKEN.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

princes, potentates and peers gathered at the new Georgian court, of which, for the time being, he will rank as a courtier. Having presented his credentials at the Foreign Office, he will call at Buckingham Palace, and pay his re-

spects to the uncrowned King. Then he will come a round of dinners, at which he will thrust his golf-clubbed knees beneath the same mahogany that shelters the gouty and rheumatic nether limbs of the nearest of king of the proudest rulers of the world. By vir-

tue of his sacred title of ambassador, he will be treated with all of the honors due to a royal guest, even to being attended, while in London, by some of the King's lords and gentlemen-in-waiting, while there will also be placed at his disposal horses and grooms from the royal stables.

Precedence will be yielded to him by Whitehall. Our regular ambassador to the court of St. James, for such is the rule. And wherever he goes upon state occasions, including the coronation ceremony proper, he will be accompanied by a duly accredited staff, consisting of a military aid, naval aid and special secretary of embassy, appointed by President Taft.

When He Goes to the Abbey.

Upon coronation morn, Mr. Hammond, his wife and staff, will take their seats in the abbey and witness the arrival of the resplendent peers and hospitable personages in the galleries about them. At 11 o'clock the house of common without will announce the King and Queen's departure from Buckingham Palace, in their great golden coach of state, drawn by eight cream-colored Hanoverians—the same ancient vehicle whose rockings on its long springs used to make King Edward sick when he rode in it through London streets.

But you and I, propped up on the box which we hired for a handful of shillings, might now have the advantage over our ambassador of beholding in procession, according to these two happy sovereigns to the abbey—a brilliant pageant, including the King's largest master and watermen, in white-skirted scarlet tunics, the carriages conveying Their Majesties' households, the long array of royal aides-de-camp, the regulars, the marching men, yeomen of the guard, equerries and the sovereign's escort of Horse Guards.

Through the window of his lumbering coach George V. will be seen, wearing his cap of estate, and by his side Queen Mary, both bowing their gracious welcome.

Solemn music within the abbey will be the signal to our representatives that the royal party has arrived, and presently a stately procession will commence to pass near them, through the choir and into the nave of the great church—graced by the presence of the clergy, courtiers bearing the standards of the three British kingdoms; then the bearers of the Queen's crown and regalia, and finally Her Majesty herself, supported by two bishops and flanked by gentlemen-at-arms.

A Pity for American Percees.

The Queen's gorgeous train will be

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carried, not by pages—as at the coronation of her two predecessors—but by six girls, each an earl's daughter, and the fact that no grandchildren of American millionaires have been selected for this service will doubtless be disappointing news to some circles of American aristocracy.

Closely following will come the bearers of the King's crown and regalia, and the sovereign himself will walk into the abbey wearing the gold-fringed scarlet robe, not of his father, but of his great-uncle, George IV., who "blew in" \$1,250,000 of his people's money on the ceremony of his crowning, whose honors he refused to share with his broken-hearted Queen.

Six peers, not yet of age, will hold the King's train above the dust, and after they have landed it safely and duly spread it upon the floor within the sanctuary, George V. will face the congregation, while the Archbishop of Canterbury, symbolizing the theory that the sovereign is elective, challenged the congregation with these words:

"I here present to you King George, the undoubted King of this realm, wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" Four times—at the north, east, south and west sides of the choir—will the archbishop pronounce this challenge, and these belz, no one—we trust—to demur and muss up the ceremony, the business of getting the monarch's crown on straight—instead of wrong side before, as fearfully occurred at his father's installation—will now proceed.

The people being considered to have received their King "by acclamation," he will now take the oath,—"this time omitting the usual dig at his Catholic subjects—and then will come the litany, after which the archbishop will preach a sermon, and thus give every one in the abbey an opportunity to observe what everybody else has on.

The Anointed of the Lord.

Following this discourse—which his father had omitted—the new King will rise and, walking beneath a gorgeous canopy borne by four Knights of the Garter, will proceed into the sanctuary. Here, after being divested of his robes, he will seat himself in the historic St. Edward's chair, and while the golden canopy is still held over him the dean of Westminster will take him in hand.

From a golden ampulla that prelate will pour into a spoon some "consecrated oil" with which to "anoint" his majesty by making the sign of the cross upon his head, his breast and the palms of both his hands. And this ceremony, being done with the sovereign on a throne by four Knights of the Garter, will be a golden opportunity to his heels, others buckle the "sword of state" about his waist and still others place about his shoulders a magnificent mantle of cloth of gold. A ring is then placed upon his finger and the orb and sceptre placed in his hands.

They Wait With Bated Breath.

Every one now waits with bated breath, the grand climax of the spectacle. The archbishop, advancing to the altar, takes therefrom a glistening object and places it upon the sovereign's head. And thus is crowned the 40th of England's royal Georges.

At the same moment all of the peers in the abbey put on their bejeweled coronets and the roof of the stately edifice echoes and re-echoes the voices of the gathered throng as, again and again, they shout "God save the King!" and finally burst into a deafening chorus of cheers.

Then after all of the peers have come up, one by one, to doff their coronets, kneel and kiss the King's hand, as well as lightly touch his crown—an ancient signal of their loyalty—practically the same ceremony throughout is repeated in the anointing and crowning of the Queen, who has occupied a throne below that of her sovereign lord.

When she steps up to be anointed—upon the crown of her head only—a canopy known as "the pall of gold cloth" will be held over Queen Mary by six duchesses chosen on account of their stately stature.

Queen Mary will be invested with "the ring," "the ivory rod with the dove" and "the sceptre with the cross," and finally she repeats the words, "I receive the crown of glory, honor and joy," the Archbishop of York will place the crown upon her head, whereupon all of the peeresses in the abbey will don their coronets.

Having doffed their crowns and

kneel side by side in prayer, having received communion, and having each presented at the altar an offering of a pound ingot of gold, and an altar cloth of costly silk, the newly crowned sovereigns will pass to an inner apartment and enjoy an hour's rest preparatory to re-entering their state coach and riding back to Buckingham Palace in the great coronation procession proper—the most brilliant pageant that is anywhere given the eyes of man to feast upon.

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The Effortless Man

BY ADA PATTERSON.

Baltimore's court records reveal that city's possession of a shining example of an effortless man.

His wife, having had him arrested for non-support, swore to his daily program. Of the twenty-four hours, he slept seven, the remaining seventeen, he spent four sitting beside the fire smoking his pipe. He divided the three that remained into two equal parts, which he spent according to his taste—one part in consuming food of his wife's earning, the other in visiting his neighbors.

The Justice, before whom his wife brought him, inquired gently whether he would accept a position picking the blossoms of a century plant, to which the listless citizen answered that he would if he were assured that it was "a light job."

"Why don't you fish for a living?" asked the Honor.

"Fishing's hard work," responded the careless one.

You are—"the Judge's legal phrases were borne away on the stream of emotion, "the laziest man in this community or any other."

Every community has its effortless men—except Oklahoma City. In that strenuous young city the citizen who lacks initiative and the willingness to work himself lean and globe-eyed is liable to awake hanging by the neck from a telegraph pole, the slight being intended as a public warning and an encouragement to municipal energy. But the older towns have them as surely as the sun casts shadows.

The effortless man may, by the grace of a drudging father, have inherited a fortune. In this case he becomes a clubman and the life of ease at evening affairs includes his name. That a philosopher has said that men worth knowing never escape his attention, but if the drudging father has been unable to provide this fortune, or if the effortless man was begotten by a parent like himself, he marries and becomes a human "lean to."

He permits his wife the higher honor and exquisite pleasure of supporting him. Or, if he works at all, he gets a light job, and nature and civilization, seeking to bring about a balance of human endeavor, always arrange that when a husband has a light job his wife has a heavy one. The effortless man declines to carry on, and his wife does all the working for the family.

Baltimore furnished the world another example of the effortless man. This one was a politician, and having married, settled himself to the congenial task of letting his wife support him. One day she found work for him at \$20 a week. He refused it, because he said the clerk's work it involved was beneath him, and would injure his standing as a "prominent politician."

He actually had to go to work. The neighbors said she was a heartless woman.

It never seems to occur to the effortless man that "cherishing" his wife includes supporting her. That word "cherish" rolls more glibly from his tongue than does any other word in the marriage vocabulary. "Cherish," he takes it, means to give her an occasional kiss, to nail now and then her busy, work-hardened hand, or to sit in his corner by the fire and smile at her. No doubt the Baltimore star sometimes brought himself to remove his pipe and cast an encouraging smile toward his wife as she scrubbed the floor, but the ungrateful didn't care for the smile. She would rather have seen his Saturday pay envelope. Women are so mercenary.

Maryland ought to borrow Delaware's whipping post and bind to it not only every wife-beater, but every effortless man. It would stimulate activity, too, by establishing an automatic cold, early morning shower above the head of every laziest citizen within the borders of the State.

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